DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXV. No. 16. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1890. 30 Cts. per An. Post-Paid.

PRINCE VICTOR OF WALES.

The portrait of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is here given in his peer's robes as he took the oath and his seat in the House of Lords and subscribed the roll on his creation to hold the honors and dignities of Earl of Athlone, and Duke of Clarence and Avondale on the 23rd of June. The young prince was introduced by the Prince of Wales and his uncle the Duke of Edinburgh. The ceremony was a striking one but space forbids details. The Princess of Wales, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales were present in the Royal Gallery, and a number of ladies were present in the Peeresses' Gallery. A message was read from Her Majesty declaring it her pleasure that the new Duke of Clarence and Avondale should take precedence next after the Duke of Connaught and before the Duke of Albany. In connection with this it will be remembered that special provision was made in the case of the late Prince Consort to enable him to sit beside Her Majesty on the throne on state occasions.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age that it was the childhood of immortality.—*Pindar.*

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE GIRL WITHOUT A TALENT.

BY J. M. BINGHAM.

The sermon that day had been about service—"Go work to-day in my vineyard"—and here Dora found herself trying to settle down to a Sunday afternoon nap on the parlor sofa, with those words persistently ringing in her ears. She shut her eyes and waited patiently for a drowse. It could not be induced even with favoring conditions.

"If it isn't just like a minister to get one all stirred up, and then not tell them what to do! I surely can't be a missionary, and never yet succeeded in holding a Sunday-school class. Here I am peering through the pickets into the vineyard much as Adam and Eve might have peered into Paradise. Deary me!" and she rose from the sofa and took a seat on the little uncomfortable hair-cloth stool by way of penance. She resolutely settled down to a meditation.

"I know," she declared to herself: "I'll just ask him what to do." And she did that very evening. To him she announced, in her frank way:

"It's a stubborn fact that all this afternoon I have lighted a candle and searched diligently, and can't find a single available gift or grace; so, if you please, sir, if you

want me to go to work, you must find some spot in the vineyard that doesn't require talent."

The minister grew thoughtful. "I want an organist for the Mission Sunday School," he said, after a little.

"Just as I thought," moaned this would-be laborer. "I don't know the difference between a scale and a keyboard."

"Do you sing?"

"Occasionally. In fact, I fill the room and then empty it. Cousin John says it isn't quite so uplifting as the yell of a Comanche Indian. He has lived on the plains, you know."

"You can't visit the sick for me—" began the pastor, and then hesitated. Dora was lame, and could not get about easily.

"I would be sure to say the wrong thing, even if I could get there," answered Dora. "I always used to. When auntie was sick I read the horror column of the newspaper to her, and left her with Taylor's work on Dying. After this do preach your text—'Go work to-day in my vineyard—if you are equipped with talents. None others need apply.'"

"What is your specialty?" inquired the minister. "We have all some specialty, you know."

"It really isn't worth mentioning,"

"Perhaps I shall differ with you."

"Well, it's the care of plants. 'Only this and nothing more.' They will always blossom for me. I love even to pot and weed them, and the quantity of geraniums I slip for my friends is something incredible."

The minister did not reply at once. Indeed, not until Dora rose to go.

"Wait a bit—or, better yet, call to-morrow. I will let the sun rise on my plan first."

Dora went the next day. The pastor was a man of few words. "My plan is this," he said: "that you shall give each child in my mission Sunday-school a potted plant, with such instructions as you know how to give. In three months hold a flower show. I will furnish prizes for you to bestow on the best-cared for plant, for best collection of plants, for prettiest bouquet of wild flowers. It is no longer art for art's sake, but art for humanity's sake."

He waited for her approval.

"All very pleasant—but—is it Christian work?"

"Yes, it's the vineyard, though perhaps a byway instead of a highway. It will work variously. Think of tenement-house windows full of bloom. Think of the soul culture which comes from the care of flowers. Think on the hold we shall get on that community. Think of the additions to our Sunday-school. The fact is, think in any line, and it means a blessed service with a definite result."

"Enough," answered Dora, rising at once to action. "I will go to work to-day."

If you have ever potted seventy-five geraniums, begging jars here and there, you will know how tired Dora was when she had arranged and prepared her rows of plants; how tired and how happy, for it was really a blessed service. She loved to think how they would look in wretched homes, if they could get courage enough to bloom amid such uncongenial surroundings. They were her messages to tempted, sorrowful, barren human lives, and they were living things. She relieved the backache and general feeling of collapse by long-continued gazings at the rows of plants. She met the school on an appointed day, gave the simple instructions, and dwelt enthusiastically on the flower show. A merry little company left the mission school that day, each one hugging a plant jar.

To tell all that came from cultivating that byway in the vineyard would take too long. Some of the little plants froze, which called attention loudly to the little human plants and their slim chances of escaping a like fate—so loudly, indeed, that a relief commission investigated the places and brought health and warmth. Flowers blossomed in windows forever unused to beauty. Cleaner rooms and dresses and faces and lives became the accompaniments and were the direct results of blooming windows. "That flower show," Dora declared, "came to the girl without a talent

'like the benediction
That follows after prayer.'"

One poor little forlorn plant, with only three disconsolate leaves, and they looking as if about to give up the life-struggle, brought out the fact that the owner had kept it alive in a basement, by dint of the tenderest care. Oh, it told a whole story, that little, pitiful, half-dead plant, and Dora saw to it that a prize was awarded to the sad little owner, for "evidences of culture under difficulties." It was actually said that the child would give it an airing every pleasant day, taking it to walk with her in a most companionable spirit, which probably had kept the breath of life in it. I can't stop to tell of the profusion of wild flowers or the display of healthy plants or the delight of the children when gala day came. Sufficient to say, that because one girl cultivated her specialty, not despising its littleness, but consecrating it to Christian service, influences of heavenly origin, taking hold of the future far beyond human ken, reached down and lifted up, to better living and brighter hopes, the poor and halt and maimed and blind.—*Christian Union.*

HOW TO INTEREST A CLASS OF BOYS.

The first point in considering the question of interesting a class of boys, is very much like the old recipe for cooking a hare, "First catch your hare." If the boys come one Sabbath, stay at home the next, "go to see their uncle in the country" the third, and come again the fourth, they will neither be interested in the school, the lesson, nor the teacher.

First, then, make them come regularly. If the school does not offer an inducement in the way of banner classes or rewards, do it yourself. Get them to come regularly one month, and you will not have much trouble the second.

Second, as "it is a poor rule that won't work both ways," go regularly yourself: don't let a rainy day, a headache, or a combination of the two, keep you at home, if you can possibly go. Nothing can be more demoralizing to both parties than an intermittent attendance on the part of the teacher.

Having settled the preliminaries, there comes the far more important, far more difficult, question of securing each boy individually. And here comes the "tug of war."

It is of no use to go and sit down before your class,—pretty, polite, well-dressed young lady though you may be, even with your lesson well studied, and well arranged in your mind. You must get acquainted with your boys, and, if one "breaks in" on your fluent sentences, with a remark about his "grandmother being awful old and tottering, we are expecting her to drop off, any time," don't snub him with a "we will return to the lesson," for he has to be his grandmother's grandson all the rest of the week, and he ought to be a gentle and respectful one—he will be far more apt to be so, if his Sunday-school teacher remembers that that boy has a grandmother, and inquires for her from time to time.

Find out how your boys live at home. Get their ideas on all practical questions suggested by the lessons—and boys, as a rule, are not slow to give them—and soon you will be able to see which boy is inclined to prevaricate, which is the selfish one, which is the leader and which is led; which one is under dangerous influences, and which one is the "honor bright" sort of a boy, whose good heart and good temper continually inspire you with new vigor and courage. To the honor of boyhood be it said, he is always there—I never found a class without him.

Having added a third requirement, let us consider the subject of teaching the lesson to all these varieties of the genus boy. Of course no arbitrary rules can be laid down, too much depends upon circumstances; but this I have noticed, I have gone to my class, with the lesson thoroughly prepared, the time, geography, details, sidelights, and deductions, all clear in my mind, ready to be presented in the most conclusive way, and the result was at best an ill-concealed lack of interest that was most discouraging. I have gone again with lesson as well studied—far be it from me to decry that—but studied to fit each boy, and fortified with one or two well-chosen "stories," with the time and scenes brought down to their own streets, homes, and occupations. The result was the keenest interest, and a personal application of it that surprised me. Bible stories of Bible times may be very vivid to the grown-up mind, but to the average boy they are a long way off. If you tell one of these excessively alive little fellows that the Lord Jesus Christ taught these lessons eighteen hundred years ago, in a little town in Asia, he will be very apt to say, as one of my boys did in fact, "That's an awful long time ago," and I accepted the rebuke, and ever since have endeavored to teach them, that, so far as they are concerned, Christ meant his lessons for boys of the nineteenth century.

A Chicago Writer tells of a woman who would not call the minister of her church to her death-bed because, "every time during her illness that he had entered the room to bring the consolations of the blessed gospel of love, peace, and purity, there came also with him the strong and unmistakable fumes of tobacco." To whisper into her dying ear the words of Jesus the Saviour on the breath of tobacco was more than the dying saint could complacently bear.—*Pacific Health Journal.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 24, 1890.

PREVAILING PRAYER.—Luke 18: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—Luke 18: 14.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 17: 20-37.—Christ's Second Coming.
T. Luke 18: 1-11.—Prevailing Prayer.
W. Isa. 57: 15-21.—Respect unto the Lowly.
Th. James 4: 6-17.—Grace to the Humble.
F. Psalm 107: 1-15.—"He Satisfieth the Longing Soul."
S. Rom. 12: 1-16.—Instant in Prayer.
S. Psalm 102: 13-28.—The Prayer of the Destitute Head.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Importunity in Prayer. vs. 1-8.
II. Humility in Prayer. vs. 9-14.

Time.—A.D. 30, February, March; just after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

Place.—In the valley of the Jordan, north of Jericho, probably on the eastern side, in Perea.

OPENING WORDS.

In this lesson we are to study two of our Lord's parables about prayer. In the first we learn that we are not to get discouraged and give up praying because God does not at once answer our prayer, but we are to continue with earnestness and perseverance. In the second parable we learn that we must pray with penitence and humility, and not with a self-righteous spirit.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Always to pray*—compare 1 Thess. 5: 17. *Not to faint*—not to be discouraged and give up. V. 3. *Came unto him*—kept coming. *Avenge me*—do me justice of. *Mine adversary*—one who was trying to oppress or wrong her. V. 6. *Hear what the unjust judge saith*—if the unjust judge will attend to the case of one for whom he does not care, to get rid of her importunity, will not our loving heavenly Father hear *his own elect*—his own chosen, redeemed people? V. 7. *Though he bear long with them*—Revised Version, "And he is long-suffering over them." V. 8. *Shall he find faith*—"the faith;" that full confidence which will make them conscious in prayer. V. 10. *Pharisee*—one of a sect that claimed great strictness in religion. *Publican*—a tax-gatherer, very much hated by the Jews. V. 11. *I thank thee*—his thanking is a boasting of himself. V. 12. *Fast twice*—the law required only one fast-day in the year. Lev. 16: 29; Num. 29: 7. V. 13. *Afar off*—from the holy place, as not fit to come near it. *God be merciful*—the cry of every true penitent. V. 14. *Justified*—his sins forgiven, and thenceforward to be treated as a just person.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What did you learn from the last lesson? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. Importunity in Prayer, vs. 1-8.—What is this first parable called? Why was it spoken? What is prayer? How are men to pray? Tell the story of the parable. Why did the unjust judge answer the widow's prayer? Why does God answer his people's prayer? What does this parable teach us about prayer?

II. Humility in Prayer, vs. 9-14.—What name is given to the second parable? To whom was it spoken? For what purpose? Repeat the Pharisee's prayer? What was there wrong about this prayer? Why was it not answered? James 4: 3. How did the publican show his humility? His sorrow for sin? How did the publican's prayer differ from the Pharisee's? What answer did he receive? What is justification?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should pray always with earnestness of heart and with importunity.
2. That we should bring our needs, not our merits, to God.
3. That we should pray with humility, with sorrow for our sins and confession of them.
4. That we should persevere in prayer and expect an answer.
5. That we cannot be saved by our own good doings, but only by God's mercy.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What was the parable of the Unjust Judge intended to teach? Ans. Importunity and perseverance in prayer.
2. What was the second parable about prayer? Ans. The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.
3. What kind of prayer did the Pharisee offer? Ans. A self-righteous praise of himself.
4. What was the prayer of the publican? Ans. God be merciful to me a sinner.
5. What answer did the publican receive? Ans. He went home justified.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 31, 1890.

ENTERING THE KINGDOM.—Luke 18: 15-30.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."—Luke 18: 17.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 18: 15-30.—Entering the Kingdom.
T. Prov. 8: 10-21.—Early Seeking.
W. Heb. 11: 23-29.—The Choice of Moses.
Th. 1 Kings 3: 3-15.—The Choice of Solomon.
F. Matt. 20: 1-17.—The Laborers in the Vineyard.
S. Acts 2: 41-47.—Possessions Sold for Christ.
S. Rev. 3: 14-22.—Rich—Increased with Goods.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Way into the Kingdom. vs. 15-17.
II. The Rejection of the Kingdom. vs. 18-23.
III. The Rewards of the Kingdom. vs. 24-30.

Time.—A.D. 30, March, just after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea, Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

Place.—In the valley of the Jordan, north of Jericho, on the way to Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

This lesson is full of important instruction to all, specially to children and youth. Jesus has the same love for children now, and is ever ready to bless them. And the terms of discipleship are just the same now as then. Parallel passages, Matt. 19: 13-30; Mark 10: 13-31.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 15. *Infants*—Revised Version, "their babes." *Touch them*—or, as Matthew says, "put his hands on them and pray." V. 16. *Of such*—of little children, and of those like them. *The kingdom of God*—the Church on earth and in heaven. V. 17. *As a little child*—in a childlike spirit, truthful, yielding, teachable. Mark informs us that "he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them." V. 18. *A certain ruler*—a good man. Matt. 19: 20. V. 19. *Why callest thou me good*—since you regard me only as a great teacher, why do you address me in language that can be used to God only? V. 22. *Yet lackest thou one thing*—this *one thing* turns out to be *everything*. His whole obedience lacked the proper motive and spirit. V. 23. *He was very sorrowful*—loving his money more than he loved Jesus, not willing to part with it even for eternal life. V. 24. *That have riches*—that live for riches and make them their trust. V. 25. *Easier for a camel*—a proverbial expression to denote something impossible. V. 27. *With men*—so far as human power is concerned. *With God*—God's grace can overcome human impossibilities and save the most hopeless cases. V. 29. *Verily I say unto you*—every sacrifice, however great, will be more than compensated by the richer blessings received in this life, and in addition thereto by the riches of eternal life.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What did you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. The Way Into the Kingdom, vs. 15-17.—Who were brought to Jesus? For what purpose? What did the disciples do? What did Jesus say? What did he declare to be the only way into the kingdom? What did he mean by this declaration?

II. The Rejection of the Kingdom, vs. 18-23.—What did the young ruler ask Jesus? How did Jesus answer him? What did the ruler reply? What did Jesus then say to him? What did this command test? What was the one thing the ruler lacked? How did he feel? For what did he reject the kingdom?

III. The Rewards of the Kingdom, vs. 24-30.—What did Jesus say about the rich? Why are riches such a hindrance? Matt. 13: 22; 1 Tim. 6: 9, 10; James 5: 1-3. How may a rich man be saved? 1 Tim. 6: 17-19. What did they that heard say? What did Jesus reply? What did Peter say? What did Jesus answer? What, then, are the rewards of the kingdom?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That parents should bring their children to Jesus for his blessing.
2. That children should love the Saviour who has shown so much love to them.
3. That we cannot be saved by our morality or good works.
4. That if we have not a loving faith in Christ we lack the one thing needful.
5. That true faith in Christ will make us willing to give up all for him.
6. That every sacrifice for Christ will be more than made up to us both in this life and in the life of heaven.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Jesus say of children? Ans. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
2. What did a young ruler ask of Jesus? Ans. What shall I do to inherit eternal life?
3. What had he done? Ans. He had been very moral and upright in all his life.
4. What did Jesus say to him? Ans. Yet lackest thou one thing; sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.
5. What rewards did he promise those who left all for the kingdom of God's sake? Ans. Manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME-MADE JAMS AND JELLIES.

BY ELIZA R. PARKER.

Belonging to the small class of the few home-made articles for table use that are greatly superior to those which can be bought of even the best wholesale manufactories, preserves and jellies may be safely ranked, and it is therefore much better to make them at home, not only on account of these good qualities, but as well from motives of economy, as good preserves can be made by the housekeeper, even when the fruit must be bought, at half the cost of purchasing them.

But as great daintiness and nicety is required in making them, in order to be successful, where experience is wanting and the young housekeeper is ignorant of the art, great care must be given the work, and patience and judgment exercised. None but the most perfect and best flavored fruit should be used for preserves; it should be carefully picked before becoming too ripe, and never bruised or roughly handled.

The sugar should be the best cut sugar, if clear, well-flavored preserves are desired. If not sealed, a pound of sugar should be used for every pound of fruit; if sealed, less will answer for fruit not too tart—though we know some old-fashioned housekeepers, who are famous for the superior quality and beauty of their preserves and jellies, who insist that equal quantities of sugar and fruit must always be used in order to have rich, perfect preserves.

All fruit that requires paring should be put immediately in very cold water, and allowed to remain until sufficient quantity has been prepared; this prevents the fruit from becoming discolored. Where the fruit is tender and it is desired to keep its shape and color, it may be dipped quickly into strong lemon juice, and when the syrup is made in which it is to be cooked, a little lemon juice may be added.

A porcelain kettle is best for preserving; too large a quantity should never be cooked at one time. Large fruits may be put in the syrup, cooked rapidly at first and then slowly to preserve the shape; if the fruit is cooked, and the syrup yet thin, take up a piece at a time carefully, boil the syrup until thick, return the fruit to it and cook slowly.

Small fruits should be cooked slowly thirty or forty minutes. Preserves keep best in small, glass jars or tumblers.

If preserves ferment, which they will not do if sufficiently cooked at first, boil them over and add more sugar. If dry or candied in the jars, set them in a pot of cold water and allow gradually to come to a boil.

For making jellies, fruit should be just at the proper stage of ripeness, if over-ripe or green, the result will not be satisfactory. Small fruits for jellies should never be picked immediately after a rain, or when the dew is on them.

As fruits differ in quality, and do not yield their juices all alike, it is not easy to know just how to make each variety, until a little experience has been acquired; but general rules for the work will be found useful.

Currants, berries and all juicy fruits, may be washed, and then cooked without water; then strain, and the juice boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes before adding the sugar, when very little boiling will be required.

When cooking large fruits, such as quinces, apples, peaches or pears, a little water must be added to obtain the juice; after boiling, it may be strained and boiled again, until the proper consistency before putting in the sugar. As soon as the jelly is done, it should be taken from the fire, and put in glasses or molds. When cold it should be firm enough to turn from the molds in shape. To know how long to boil is the great art in jelly-making; if not sufficiently cooked it will not jelly; if over-boiled it will be sticky. After boiling five minutes, a spoonful is taken up and dropped in a little iced-water, if of the right consistency it will settle in the bottom.

A pound of sugar is usually required to every pint of juice, though less may be used in making currant or ripe grape jellies.

For straining the juice, it should never be extracted by squeezing, but allowed to drip through the jelly bag.

If jelly does not "form" the next day after being made, it is useless to cook it over. If it does not become firm when first cooled, standing it in the sun before covering it, will sometimes assist in hardening it. Jelly should be well covered and kept in a cool, dry place.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

If all that mothers are to them came home to the perceptions of daughters at an earlier period, they would be more anxious than they generally seem to be to spare those mothers, to prolong their days, and save them from much of the exertion and anxiety that are likely to shorten their lives, and that if only from merely selfish reasons. How many daughters are there who, if it lies between them to do it, do not let their mothers rise in the morning and make the fire and prepare the breakfast; who, in the interim between cooks, do not let the whole burden of care and the chief endeavor of work come upon the mother; who do not let the mother get up in the night and attend to the calls of sudden illness; who, if it is necessary to watch with the sick, do not hold themselves excused, and the duty to be a maternal one; who do not feel it their privilege to be ready for callers and company while the mother is still in working dishabille; who are not in the habit of taking the most comfortable chair; and who, in the matter of provision of toilet, do not think almost anything will do for mother, but they themselves must be fresh and fine and in the fashion? How many daughters are there who, when pleasure-taking comes in question, do not feel, even if perhaps unconsciously, that the mother has had her day and ought to be contented, and they should be the ones to go and take the enjoyment?

It would seem as if the mere sentiment of self-preservation would teach daughters a better line of conduct. It is the mother making the central spot of the house usually that makes home possible. It is the mother from whom the greater part of the happiness of the home proceeds. If she dies, the home disintegrates, or it is not unusual that another comes to take her place—sometimes a foreign element before whom the old union and happiness may possibly fly. To preserve this home and this happiness, one would imagine, should be the first effort of the daughter, that she should, out of regard for her own comfort and gratification, as well as for that of others, seek every means to make life easy to the mother, to insure her life and length of days. Never again will any daughter have such a friend as this mother; no fond adorer's eyes will ever follow her with the same everyday love as this mother's eyes do, nor will any give her the sympathy she does. It is wild folly on the daughter's part that lets the mother waste her strength, instead of seeking by every means possible to save and increase it; for while a good mother is with her family they are entertaining an angel, whether unawares or not.—*From Harper's Bazar.*

HANGING A HAMMOCK.

The general idea is that hammocks are only for the wealthy, the "stylish," or for professional time-killers. It is a great mistake. Every well-to-do-farmer—every owner of a cosy village home—every member of a city stay-at-home club who commands a spot big enough to swing one—should have a hammock. A very good one may be bought for $1.50 to $4, or as much higher as you choose to go. It should be hung where there is a good afternoon shade, and if intended in part for children's use, so low that small children can get into it by the aid of a box or low stool, and over soft ground, so that the numerous tumbles that are probable will be harmless. If no other place will be available, it may be hung between the pillars of a shady verandah—a place well enough for the older people who use it, but undesirable for the children, on account of the lack of a soft turf, as well as for the noise which accompanies its use by the youngsters.

When children only are to use the hammock, the manner of hanging it is not important, but if provided for the use of grown persons, it should then be so suspended that the head will always be considerably higher than the feet, and much of the comfort of one who uses it depends upon a proper observance of this fact. If you have no more suitable place, suspend it from the columns of a verandah. The hook which supports the head end should be six and one-fourth feet from the floor, and that for the foot end three and three-fourths feet, and these proportions should be observed wherever it may be hung, to secure the most desirable curve for the ease of the occupant.

Another point to be observed; the head end should be fastened to the hook by a rope less than a foot long—just long enough to properly attach it—while at the foot is a rope four and one-half feet long. This gives the greatest freedom for swinging the lower part of the body, while the head moves but little. This is a point which cannot be observed in a hammock for children, who think more of it as a swing than as a place for comfortable repose. When trees serve for the supports, ample provision should be made to prevent injury to the bark, by means of stout canvas or heavy bagging between the ropes to which it is suspended and the bark.—*Evangelist.*

HOME-MADE SOAP.

I have found a way in which I can make soap while waiting for the kettle to boil for supper. It is very easy. Get of a druggist or grocer, a pound box of the pulverized lye now sold so cheaply, and in such convenient shape. It will cost you fifteen cents. It comes in a neat can which can be opened with any penknife. Dissolve this lye in three pints of water. The lye heats the water and you must wait till this heat passes off before making your soap. Melt your grease and strain through a cheese-cloth, and weigh five and a half pounds. As soon as this melted grease is cool enough to bear your hand in, pour grease and lye together and mix thoroughly a few minutes, and you will see it thicken. Now pour it into a box or dripping-pan lined with greased paper and let it stand in a warm place for twenty-four hours, then cut into bars. It will be ready for immediate use, will keep growing better, is clean and thoroughly satisfactory for dish-washing and the laundry, makes a good suds and is economical, having cost you only fifteen cents, the price of your lye, as the grease was saved at odd times. It can be made without fire, as you see it does not have to be boiled, or even have boiling water added. Our laundress uses it and says, "It is good," and she is apt to be critical.—*Good Housekeeping.*

FAITH IN THE FAMILY.

One of the most intelligent women, the mother of a large family of children, was eminently a woman of faith. She never heard the tramping of her boys' feet in the house, or listened to their noisy shouting in their play, or watched their unconscious slumbers, without an inward, earnest prayer to God for wisdom to train them. She mingled prayer with counsel and restraint; and the counsel was the wiser and the restraint was the stronger for this alliance of the human and divine elements in her instruction and discipline. And at length, when her children had become men and women, accustomed to the hard strife of the world, her name was the dearest name they could speak; and she who had "fed their bodies from her own spirit's life," who had taught their feet to walk, their tongues to speak and pray, and illuminated their consciences with the great light of righteousness and duty, held their reverence and love, increased a thousandfold by the remembrance of an early education that had its inspiration in the faith in God, and its fruit in the noble lives of upright men and women.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

HOUSE EXPENSES.

Mrs Herrick says. "When the husband and wife begin life as householders they should have a clear understanding of what it will cost. A certain proportion of their revenue should be appropriated for house-rent, another for clothing, others for food, fuel, gas, insurance, servants' hire, etc. Several of these divisions could be comprised under one general head as housekeeping expenses, and their management intrusted to the wife, while the husband assumes others. Each week or month, as may be agreed upon between them, the husband, unsolicited, hands over to his wife the sum they decided upon as the fitting one to be devoted to the expenses in her charge. Of this he should ask no account. Let there be no half-way measures. Either he can trust his wife or he cannot. If not, he would be wiser to keep everything in his own hands; but if he goes through the form of reposing confidence in her, do not let him render it an empty show by requiring a return of every penny expended. A man would scarcely relish such an examination into his personal accounts even if he received his entire fortune from his wife—perhaps all the less were such the case. If a woman is conscientious in her disposition of her husband's funds—and most women are—she will be only too jealous for his welfare. She is more apt to stint herself, and supply deficiences in the household department from her own purse, than to clip home expenses to save a little for her own dress or amusement.

"The general division in homes where the allowance principle prevails gives to the wife a fixed sum weekly, from which she is to pay her grocer's, vegetable and meat merchants' bills, and her servants' hire, including washing and ironing and any extra work she may have done. Sometimes she pays also for gas, wood and coal, and even the house rent, although this last is usually considered to come more properly within the husband's province. To him pertain also the bills for medical attendance, pew rent, life and fire insurance, repairs to the house and its contents, new goods of any kind, such as carpets, furniture, etc. The private expenses of each for clothing, travelling, cigars, caramels, and similar matters are better embraced in a separate category."

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

When pillowslips begin to show signs of wear, rip open the end seam, and fold so that the side seam will come in the centre of the pillow. Sew up the end again, and your pillowslip will wear as long again, as the wear is now upon that part that has had but little wear heretofore.

Watch the tablecloths, and at the first thin place making its appearance, darn it carefully with the ravellings, saved for that purpose when the tablecloth was made. In this way it will look much better than if neglected until a hole is worn through, when it must be patched.

We Know One Housekeeper, says the *Ladies' Journal*, whose husband has constructed for her a special chair for baking days. It was of such a height that she could sit at the table and mold her bread or roll her dough with ease. He likewise had a foot rest attached, so that she might at the same time rest her feet firmly. And, sitting on that chair, she for years constructed all the bread and pastry that the house needed. It took her no longer, and was quite as good as if she had stood up to make it and had wearied herself almost to death in the operation.

PUZZLES NO. 16.

DOUBLE BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. David's second son.
2. King before whom "at Festus' commandment Paul was brought forth." 3. Land which "Joseph placed his father and his brethren in." 4. Wife of Nahor. 6. Wife of Aaron.

Finals and initials give the names of places that "shake off their fruits."

HANNAH E. GREENE.

HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES.

1. Did mamma bleach the cloth? 2. The vain girl has gone home. 3. Is the fan near you? 4. Did he tell you the truth? 5. Poetry is more beautiful than prose. 5. Wait until Lydia is ready. 7. Here is the tool; I've found it. 8. With ardor, almost any one may succeed.

ENIGMA.

My first is in corn, but not in stubble.
My second is in half, but not in double.
My third is in cat, but not in drink.
My fourth is in red, but not in pink.
My fifth is in rat, but not in mouse.
My sixth is in yard, but not in house.
My whole is something to eat that's red.
About the size of a chaffinch's head.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 15.

ENIGMA.—A "forerunner"—John the Baptist.

SQUARE:—

R A V E R
A L I V E
V I X E N
E V E N T
R E N T S

The Family Circle.

LIFE'S KEY.

The hand that fashioned me tuned my ear
To chord with the major key.
In the darkest moments of life I hear
Strains of courage, and hope, and cheer
From choirs that I cannot see;
And the music of life seems so inspired
That it will not let me grow sad or tired.

Yet through and under the magic strain
I hear, with the passing of years,
The mournful minor's measures of pain—
Of souls that struggle and toil in vain
For a goal that never nears;
And the sorrowful cadence of good gone wrong
Breaks more and more into earth's glad song.

And oft, in the dark of the night, I wake,
And think of sorrowing lives;
And I long to comfort the hearts that ache.
To sweeten the cup that is bitter to take,
And to strengthen each soul that strives.
I long to cry to them: "Do not fear!
Help is coming and aid is near."

However desolate, weird, or strange
Life's monody sounds to you,
Before to-morrow the air may change,
And the Great Director of music arrange
A programme perfectly new;
And the dirge in minor may suddenly be
Turned into a jubilant song of glee.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

OFF DUTY.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

It was Sunday morning at Peconic Point. Breakfast was a half-hour later at the Nonatuck House that morning, else some of the guests would scarcely have remembered the day. At the parsonage across the street, the air seemed charged with the peculiar stillness and sweetness of the Sabbath. The morning hymn, carrying the melody of childish voices, was borne to the merry party gathered in the dining-hall of the hotel. "Oh, it's Sunday, is it?" asked jovial Dr. Jones. "But for these psalm-singers, the world, in this sleepy place, might forget when the day comes around."

A laugh went around the table, followed by several attempts at wit, but the hymn went serenely on at the parsonage. Soon the voice of prayer, unheard at the hotel, filled the little home. The pastor prayed earnestly for the stranger within the gates, that the holy day might be observed, and that the peace that cometh from on high might fill every heart.

Presently the church-bell sent out its cheerful note of invitation. It reached the side piazza of the hotel, where some of the strangers within the gates of Peconic Point sat reading the Sunday papers. It was heard above the sound of the surf that beat against the rock where others sat idly watching the waves. It vibrated through the "cave," the occupants of the "arm-chair" heard it, and even the loiterers in the "lover's retreat" were not entirely oblivious of its earnest call to worship. On the rocks, under the shadow of the bridge, sat jovial Dr. Jones smoking his cigar, as he watched the noisy little stream that added yet another charm to the attractive resort. He saw the staid country people as they wended their way along the dusty street, in response to the invitation. He noticed the footfall on the bridge of old and young, grave and gay, and was amused by the disjointed sentences that reached his ear. The pastor's little daughter, Bessie, clinging to her mother's hand, stopped a moment to watch the sparkling water.

"Mamma," she asked, "where do Christians go to spend the summer?"

"I cannot tell you, my child," answered the mother sadly.

"I wish they would come here," continued Bessie, "but I s'pose they don't like our church, because it's small and white; they want to go to some big church, and hear a beautiful organ, don't they, mamma?"

Dr. Jones was amused. He had no wish to be considered of the number who call themselves followers of Christ; but he knew there were many who had assumed that title, and his laughter had in it more of scorn than of merriment when he thought of the child's words. He stored the question in his memory, as a topic for general entertainment at the dinner hour. He repeated it with great apparent enjoyment, adding, "I could have told the child where Christians do not go, that is, to the Nonatuck House. I think no one from this house has attended church to-day."

The effect upon the company assembled fully met the doctor's expectations. The laughter that followed was not general, nor was it hilarious. One downcast face distinctly looked its embarrassment and pain. Alice Stover was a favorite at the hotel. The merry company of young people, won by Alice's unaffected enjoyment, and sympathetic interest in their pursuits, had accorded her a place not easily attained by a stranger. It was her first season from home, and the aunt whose kindness enabled her to enjoy the beautiful seaside resort was unlike the Christian mother who had carefully watched over her. None of her "set" attended church, and Alice had carelessly allowed Sabbath after Sabbath to pass in neglect of a duty she would have considered imperative at home. Bessie's arrow went home to her heart; she soon left the table and retired to her room.

Evening found the broad piazza thronged with guests of the Nonatuck. The church-bell again sounded its note of invitation. Just as its last peal rang out, Alice came from the house attired for a walk.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?" asked Bob Stoughton.

"No, sir, I thank you," laughed Alice in reply.

"She's probably going to see her washwoman," said Bell Huntly; "she is sick, you know." "Give her my compliments," shouted Bob.

Alice carelessly nodded her thanks as she passed on. She was going to church and, obeying an impulse she could scarcely define, she concealed her purpose.

"I believe I am a coward," said Alice, drawing a sigh of relief as she found herself beyond the sound of their voices, "Why didn't I tell them I was going to church, and ask them to come with me?"

Her self-condemnation prepared her to enjoy the simple service in the unfashionable church. She joined the few worshippers in their songs of praise, and the earnest prayers that were offered found a ready response in her heart. She was strengthened in her decision to stand steadfast among the followers of him whose name she professed to bear. Before she reached the hotel she heard the merry voices of her friends who still lingered on the piazza or in the shaded grounds.

"Where have you been?" asked Bell Huntly, voicing the questioning gaze of her companions, as Alice came among them.

"I have been to the prayer-meeting," answered Alice gravely. "I ought to have told you when you asked where I was going; I fear I was afraid or ashamed to do so."

A silence almost painful fell upon the merry company. Some one, perhaps in mockery, softly hummed a familiar air. Another, as quietly, added the words usually associated with it. A sweet, tenor voice, from the steps below, caught the melody, and soon the familiar words rang out in full harmony:

"Ashamed of Jesus.'

The chorus swelled with the closing lines.

"And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me."

A solemn stillness followed, broken by Dr. Jones' voice.

"Quite like a camp-meeting, or shall we call it an experience-meeting? We might even set up an anxious seat. Is any one ready to testify?"

"I am," replied a gentleman who sat near Alice. "I call myself a Christian at home, though I seem to have left my colors furled there."

"A soldier in undress uniform," laughed the doctor. "Perhaps there are others of your army here on furlough."

"Let us not be ashamed of our company, nor of our Captain," said the gentleman gravely. "Who will join us?"

Out from the shadow into the full moonlight they came, one by one, until nearly one-half of the company were gathered around Alice and her friend. Dr. Jones' remark about "soldiers off duty" was unheeded. A change had been wrought at the Nonatuck House. When the church-bell again called to worship, there were few soldiers off duty, and a goodly company entered the little church, to listen to the message of the Captain under whose banner they had enlisted.—*Golden Rule.*

THE FALL OF THE SPHINX.

There are in the metropolis so many tobacconists' where a smoker may go and lounge about for an hour or two, that it is unnecessary to describe the identical shop patronized by Mr. Thomas Tilt. It was situated in a quiet thoroughfare, and was kept by Richard Cavendish, who possessed, in addition to the power of smoking incessantly, the ability to talk freely on many subjects.

Richard, or Dick as he was commonly called by the frequenters of his establishment, distributed his favors very judiciously, addressing his conversation very much in accordance with the relative value of each customer's outlay.

Mr. Thomas Tilt left the city at six o'clock, reached home about half-past, and then did justice to a substantial tea. After that meal, he invariably proceeded to a small cupboard in the corner of his room, and took from thence a tobacco jar, and a darkly-colored pipe. The latter might be regarded as a curiosity, not only from the length of time during which it had been carefully preserved, and the quantity of tobacco which had been reduced to ashes in its odoriferous bowl, but from the singularity of its shape, and the curious hieroglyphics carved on the stem. The bowl itself represented an Egyptian sphinx, and had attracted the attention of Mr. Tilt before he was quite out of his teens. For some little time he contented himself with looking at it in a shop window. Then he resolved to inquire the price, which proved to be exceedingly high. And finally, when he had saved sufficient money, he went boldly in and bought it, and carried it to his rooms in triumph.

Ten years have passed since the sphinx was purchased, and it still occupies the principal place in the thoughts of Mr. Tilt. All day long it remains still and unmolested on the shelf assigned to it, resting from the fatigues of the previous night; but when seven o'clock strikes, the sphinx is aroused, and being generously supplied with fuel, continues to burn steadily.

Mr. Thomas Tilt then takes up the paper, and reads the political news with an air of great enjoyment, for the sphinx bears him company. When the paper is exhausted, he replenishes his sable friend, and strolls along to have a smoke with Dick.

That worthy has one or two customers, listening to him, who take their departure soon after the appearance of the sphinx, leaving Mr. Thomas Tilt his sole auditor.

"How's the sphinx to-night, Mr. Tilt; drawing well?"

Mr. Tilt replied by puffing two enormous volumes of smoke from his mouth.

"Couldn't be better, I see," said Dick. "You did well when you bought that pipe. I haven't seen one colored like it anywhere."

The sphinx emitted two short puffs to betoken its approval. This form having been gone through, Dick opened the subject of politics, giving his opinion very strongly on some points, and using plenty of action to enforce his ideas, keeping his eye at the same time steadily fixed on the pipe to watch the effect of his words. When he began his subject the puffs came slowly and regularly, increasing in deliberation as his arguments followed—and Dick could argue most profoundly on such matters—till the main question was reached. Then, if they came in quick succession, he as rapidly changed his ground, but if, on the contrary, the smoke poured out in long continuous streams, he held on in the same strain until his customer took his departure.

Such had been the habits of Mr. Tilt for upwards of ten years. Every night he leaned on the same particular portion of Dick's counter, preserving the same remarkable silence. Every night he purchased the same quantity of tobacco, to replenish the jar at home, and serve for his present need.

And during the many years that he had frequented the shop, he was only known to have spoken on two occasions; once when he entered the shop for the first time accompanied by the sphinx, and again when some person presumed to handle that eminent effigy.

The third occasion on which any distinct words were uttered by Mr. Thomas Tilt in the hearing of Dick Cavendish, was on a memorable night in the history of the former gentleman. He was leaning in his accustomed place, listening, we presume, to the more or less able address of his entertainer, and discharging those long continuous streams of smoke before referred to. Dick had been battling with the sphinx for fully half an hour, watching in vain for these signs of approval, and had at last got in the right groove. The smoke gathered thickly around him as he warmed with his subject, rendering the effigy almost invisible; and full of virtuous indignation against the government, he struck the counter so violently that the sphinx started from between the teeth that knew it so well, and smashed in pieces on the floor.

There was a pause, the smoke cleared and presented Mr. Tilt to Dick Cavendish minus his pipe. There lay the fragments of it past all hope of repair, and above all things Mr. Tilt spoke.

"You scoundrel, you did that on purpose! Sorry! what's the good of being sorry, why it's all in pieces," and Mr. Tilt marched out of the shop in a very unenviable frame of mind, leaving the fragments of the sphinx behind.

Two years had nearly elapsed when Dick Cavendish was very much surprised to see his old customer enter the shop once more. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, as though the loss he had sustained on the memorable night when the sphinx fell had quite passed out of his mind. His personal appearance was much improved, and he smiled good-humoredly as he recalled the circumstances of his last visit.

"Do you know, Dick, that was the best thing that ever happened to me in my life. All the time I had the sphinx, and for some time before it came into my possession, I was only about half alive. Whether the smoke got into my brain, and rendered it cloudy, I can't say, but since its fall I have been a different creature. For some time I lamented the loss of it, and wished to supply its place, but I could not make up my mind in the selection. Then other things came to divert my attention, and before they were fairly disposed of, I was on the high road to matrimony. I have not smoked a single pipe of tobacco since I left you that evening. Many have told me that I look better, my conscience tells me I work harder, and my pocket tells me it isn't lighter. So that, taking all things into consideration, I've made up my mind to a total separation from that which I used to prize so much, and which, but for your startling thump on this counter, I might still be indulging in, in the same dreamy, lifeless way.

"Therefore, Dick, I consider myself indebted to you in no small way for the improvement in my condition, prospects, and so forth. I have saved ten pounds by tobacco alone, without counting all the extra work I've done since I've recovered some energy. I give you the credit of this, and hope you may awake many more as thoroughly as you awoke me."—*Ernest Ockenden in British Workman.*

THE QUEEN AND CARLYLE.

A hitherto unpublished letter of Carlyle gives an interesting account of a conversation between the Queen and the philosopher in Westminster Deanery. Carlyle was telling Her Majesty, whose interest he keenly excited, about Nithsdale and Annandale, and of old ways of human life there in the days of his youth. Among other things, he told her that his father had occasion once to go to Glasgow on some urgent business, and that, arriving about eight in the morning, he found every door shut. Neither himself nor his horse could have entrance anywhere, "for 'twas the hour of family worship, your Majesty, and every family was at morning prayer." The Queen had never heard anything so astonishing. "But it was the case," went on Carlyle, "and that explains why your Scottish subjects have the place and trust and honor they occupy to-day in every portion of your Majesty's dominions."

"ABOVE THE SENIOR WRANGLER."

"Above the Senior Wrangler" is a position hitherto almost undreamed of, and to the uninitiated requires a word of explanation. The title of "Wrangler" is given to thirty or so of the most successful competitors in the highest mathematical examinations at Cambridge. The students of Girton and Newnham ladies' colleges have no official connection with the university, but through special arrangement are allowed to enter their names and take the same examination as the men; their results, however, always being made known on a separate list. This year, to the astonishment of everybody, a student of Newnham, Miss Fawcett, headed the list of ladies with no less than four hundred marks above Mr. Bennett the talented Senior Wrangler.

Miss Phillipa Garrett Fawcett the first lady who has ever taken so high a stand in Cambridge, or indeed in any other University, will not be unknown to our readers when introduced as the daughter of the late Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster General of England. But not only to her father does she owe her talents. Her mother is hardly less well known than he, having, when just about her daughter's age, published a work on "Political Economy for Beginners," which she followed six years afterwards with "Tales in Political Economy." From the very first Mrs. Fawcett identified herself with the pursuits of her husband and it is no doubt largely owing to her abilities that he was able to accomplish so much. The sister of Mrs. Fawcett is Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., the lady who was one of the first to overcome the prejudice against female doctors and who has herself written several valuable treatises on political and social science.

Those who have watched Miss Fawcett through her college course affirm that she has throughout displayed a calm, cool bearing that is somewhat unusual in a girl so gifted. This is the more surprising, when it is remembered that her father failed to reach the position his daughter has so well won, simply by becoming over excited, thereby losing a night's rest and so falling behind in the race. His daughter, on the contrary, wrote coolly, lost no rest, and felt no fatigue, declined to take a holiday on the eve of the Tripos and when asked by a sympathetic friend if she did not wish that it were all over, replied cheerfully, "I don't want to have three weeks taken out of my life." Miss Fawcett's career well shows the advantage of systematic habits in brain workers. No matter how strong the temptation, she closed her books precisely at eleven o'clock, thus avoiding all overstrain to both body and mind, and in the end, in her strong body and vigorous mind and calm nerves, she had her reward.

She was educated at Clapham High School, studied afterwards at University College, simultaneously with Mr. Bennett, and three years ago won a scholarship at Newnham. She is described as being pale, dark, tall and slender, of quiet manner, and avoiding all eccentricity in dress. On the 7th of June a dense crowd gathered in the Senate House to hear the lists read and when Miss Fawcett's name was read out, prefaced with the words "Above the Senior Wrangler," the whole house rang with the cheers of the undergraduates, who thus clearly showed that their enthusiasm was quite unmixed with jealousy. Her grandfather, Dr. Garrett, was there and was deeply moved. The principal of Clough Hall, where Miss Fawcett was a student, gave a dinner in her honor, which was followed by fire works and an illumination, all the lady students taking hands and dancing around the fire, carrying the heroine of the day in triumph at their head.

The success of Miss Fawcett will be viewed with even increased interest when it is remembered that Newnham is peculiarly indebted to her parents. It was in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing room, over twenty years ago, that the first of the meetings was held which led to the foundation of the college.

While giving all credit to Miss Fawcett in her mathematical course, the lady winner of Cambridge's classical honors this year must not be forgotten. In classical honors, Miss Alford, a niece of Dean Alford, appears, with only three men in the first class. The career of these two girls goes far to establish the theory held by many that daughters, as a rule, inherit the qualities of their fathers, Miss Fawcett's father being in his day seventh wrangler, and Miss Alford's father, as was also her uncle the late Dean, an eminent classical scholar.

MISS PHILIPPA GARRETT FAWCETT.

THE ANGRY MAN.

REV. WILLIAM HASLAM.

I had been speaking one day upon the power of God to subdue the unruly wills and sinful tendencies of believers. I said that too often people have compassion upon the slaves of drink, temper, or any other besetment, without having regard to their sin against God. Too often they try to deliver a drunkard from his bad habit, and if they succeed in this effort they think everything is done. But what about the drunkard's sin against God? Is not this like covering up past sins with successful reformation? Supposing a man succeeds in getting the better of a besetment with which he has been habitually sinning before God, is that enough? Does he need nothing in the way of pardon as well as deliverance?

At the close of my address an elderly clergyman came forward, and said, "I thank you for your discourse. Let me tell you something which you may use another time as an illustration. I inherited a dreadful temper. As a child I was often punished for it, as a boy at school even more severely so, and at college I was shamed again and again for my passionate outbursts. At my conversion I thought to myself, Now my temper is subdued; and so it was for a time. I was very happy, and rejoiced, not only about the salvation of my soul, but, as I supposed, for deliverance from my great enemy. But, alas! soon after this my temper reappeared in full force, and I found out that though my sins were pardoned, yet the long-desired deliverance had not come.

"After my ordination, I grieve to say, I was betrayed into many improprieties of violent temper, for which I had to apologize, and sometimes make amends.

"Oh, how earnestly I prayed God to help me to overcome this infirmity, and how often I made resolutions; but all was in vain. Sometimes I had power over my weakness, and rejoiced in being able to control myself under provocation; but I cannot say that I was ever satisfied, or that I was sure I should succeed another time.

"'How was this?' you ask. It was because I felt that my temper was still there, boiling within. It was not dead or gone, but only kept under for the time. I continued in prayer, and with many watchful efforts I tried to keep down my enemy.

"One day after a great fall I was most dejected. I made supplication with tears, and besought God to help me in my trouble. On that occasion I expected that victory was sure, and that I should have power given me to overcome. I must say that I left my room that morning feeling hopeful.

"As I neared the foot of the stairs, I saw a sturdy beggar man standing and looking in through the glass panel of the door. He appeared strong and able enough for work, instead of begging; but he may have been a thief looking in to spy out the land. Our eyes met, whereupon I beckoned him to be gone. As he did not move, I shook my head, as if to say, 'I have nothing for you.' The impudent fellow shook his head, too, as much as to say, 'I will not go.' In a moment my blood was up, and I was boiling with rage. I opened the door, and commanded the man to go away instantly.

"The beggar quietly put his foot inside, so that I could not shut the door again. He looked at me in the coolest manner, saying, 'Are you a minister of religion, and send away a poor starving man from your door like that?' I could not find words to express my indignation, for the man did not look or speak as if he were in a starving condition at all. He stood before me with a provoking insolence which was very irritating. Seeing my anger, he remained cool, and said in a whining tone, 'I've not had a taste of victuals or a morsel to eat!'

"I was deaf to his complaint, for I did not believe a word of it. I therefore told him again to go away.

"'You had much better give me a trifle,' was his reply, 'and let me go, than get into that towering passion. You a parson, and with such a temper as that!'

"Immediately I put my hand into my pocket, and took out the first coin that came—I think it was a shilling—and gave it to the man, saying, 'There, go away with you!'

"'Thank you, thank you,' said the provoking beggar, and went away shrugging his shoulders, as if he had done a good stroke of business.

"So he had, even better than he thought. I could have burst into tears with vexation at my weakness and that impudent man's triumph. Shutting the door, I returned to my study in despair. Kneeling down, I said: 'O Lord, is there no deliverance for me? Forgive my sin, I beseech Thee, and do deliver me from this temper. I cannot do anything to conquer it. Lord, do thou save me.'

"When I once let myself go into God's hands, such a calm thankfulness stole over me. The Lord was present in the power of his love, and it seemed as though he pitied me in my distress. Hot tears flowed from my eyes, and I could do nothing but sob. I felt that my prayer was answered, and my deliverance had come. With grateful love I thanked God, and rose up from my knees.

"All that afternoon, I felt as if I had been actually in the Divine presence, and that the Lord had spoken to me. From that day to this, nearly three years, I have had many and often very great provocations; but, thank God, I have not been overcome by them. I cannot tell you what has become of my temper—the Lord has taken it away."

"Praise him," I said; "that is just like his way of deliverance."

"Yes, indeed, I do," said my friend; "and I thank you too. I have learned from your words how the deliverance came to me. I see now that Christ, the risen Lord himself, was there that afternoon—it was his power alone that released me. I see also why he did not do it before. I never asked him to forgive my sins, nor did I know of his power to deliver me from my temper. I only asked that he would help me to conquer it myself. How blind I was, not to see that the Lord must do it, and he alone—that we must stand aside, and see the glory of God."

The dear man said, "I feel as if I were going over the ground again. The Lord is here showing himself to me."

The more I observed this gentleman afterwards, the more confirmed I was of the reality of his story. If he had been an irritable and passionate man before, beyond all doubt he was now most loving and patient—full of compassion for others; his forbearance and gentleness were so striking that it seemed impossible he could ever have been otherwise.

"Oh, the years of misery and trial I have passed through," he said, "all because I did not know that the Lord was able and willing to give me a complete deliverance!"

Yes, indeed it is so. What multitudes of persons exercise themselves and labor hard to overcome that which cannot be conquered by self. It is the Lord's work. Salvation, in every sense of the word, belongs to him, and to him only.—*The Christian.*

TEACHING THE YOUNG.

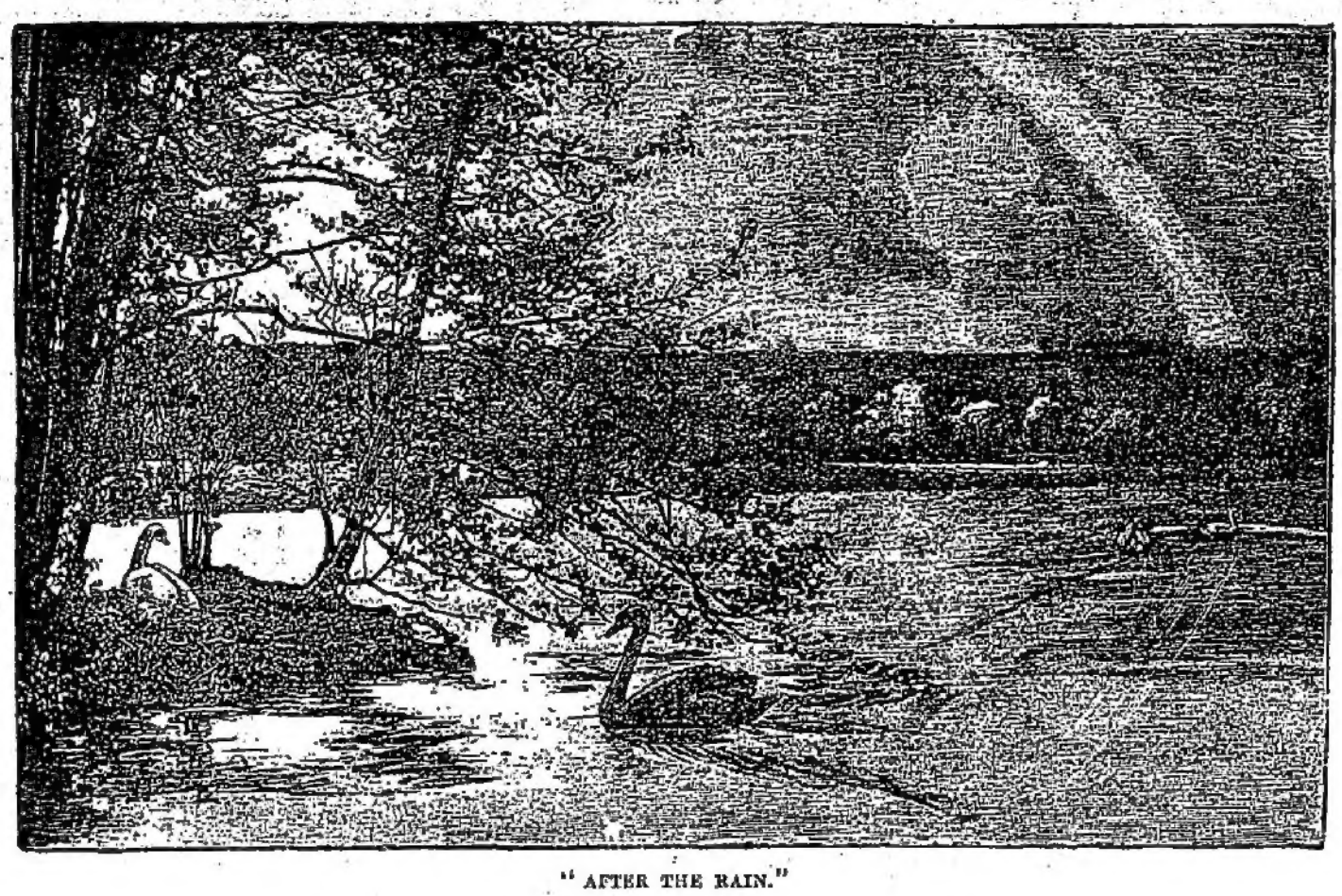
It is a mistaken idea that almost any one will do to teach a primary class in the Sunday-school. It requires a high order of natural ability, of tact, and of consecration to God, to teach successfully the younger children of our schools.—*Sunday-School Teacher.*

MOTHER.

The fairest word on earth that's heard,
On human lips the fairest word,
Is mother.

But all her earthly joys seem o'er
Who is, and then who is no more,
A mother.

—*Queen of Roumania.*



"AFTER THE RAIN."

AFTER THE RAIN.

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

The sunset on the water's breast
  Is casting down its mellowed light;
The clouds are floating into rest,
    Before the night.

Now that the storm has passed away,
  A parable of nature lies
On path and field, for those who say
    That they are wise.

Beside the placid mere I stand,
  And watch the rainbow's wondrous stain;
A fragrance from the moistened land
    Gives thanks for rain.

A twitter from unnumbered birds
  That haunt the tangled flowery ways—
What is it but the simple words
    Of love and praise?

We thank our father for the light
  In which his tenderness appears,
For sunny joys—forgetting quite
    To thank for tears;

Forgetting that his testament
  Is written on the rainy skies—
That blessed comforters are sent
    For tearful eyes;

Forgetting he that goes in tears
  To sow upon a field of pain,
Shall come when harvest-season nears
    To gather grain.

—*Good Words.*

THE WAKING SOUL.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

Larry lay under the trees upon the soft, green grass, with his hat tilted far forward over his eyes and his grimy hands clasped together beneath his head, wishing with all his might first one thing and then another, but always that it was not so warm.

When the children had gone to school in the morning they had seen Larry's ragged figure, as they passed along the street, stretched out full length beneath the trees near the gutter curbstone, and when they returned, there he was still. They looked at him with curiosity; and some of the boys even paused beside him and bent over to see if he were sunstruck.

He let them talk about him and discuss him and wonder at him as they would, never stirring, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest they be induced to stay and question him. He wanted to be alone.

He wanted to lie lazily under the trees and watch the sunbeams as they flirted with the leaves, and hear the birds gossip with one another, and feel the breeze as it touched his hot temples and soothed him with its soft caresses.

Across the street, upon some one's fence-rail, climbed a honeysuckle vine, and every now and then Larry caught a whiff of a faint perfume as the breeze flitted by.

He wished the breeze would carry heavier loads of it and come oftener. It was tantalizing to get just one breath and no more in this way.

But then, that was always the case with Larry. He seemed to get a hint of so many things and no more than that of any. Often when he was lying as he was now, under green trees, beneath blue skies, he would see the most beautiful pictures before his eyes. Sometimes they were the clouds that drew them for him, and sometimes the trees. He would, perhaps, be feeling particularly forlorn and tired and would fling himself down to rest and then, in a moment (just for all the world as though the skies were sorry for him and wanted to help him forget his troubles), he would see the white drifts overhead shift and change and there would be the vision of a magnificent man—larger and more beautiful than any mortal—and then Larry would hold his breath in ecstacy, while the man's face grew graver and darker, and his strong arm seemed to lift and beckon to something from afar, and then from out a great stack of clouds would break one milk-white one which, when Larry looked closer, would prove to be a colossal steed; and in an instant, in the most remarkable way, the form of the man would be mounted upon the back of the courser and they would be speeding off toward the West.

And then Larry would lose sight of them—just at the very moment when he would have given worlds to see more; for by this time the skies would have grown black, perhaps, and down would come the rain in perfect torrents, sending Larry to his feet and scuttling off into somebody's area-way for shelter. And there he would crouch and think about his vision, fancying to himself his great warrior doing battle with the sea; the sea lashing up its wave-horses till they rose high upon their haunches, their gray backs curving outward, their foamy manes a-quiver, their white fore-legs madly pawing the air, till, with a wild whinny, they would plunge headlong upon the beach to be pierced by the thousand rain-arrows the cloud god sent swirling down from above and sink backward faint and trembling to be overtaken and trampled out of sight by the next frenzied column behind.

Oh! it sent Larry's blood tingling through his veins to see it all so plainly, and he did not feel the chill of his wet rags about him nor the clutch of hunger in his poor empty stomach when the Spirit of the Storm rode out, before his very eyes, to wage his mighty war.

And then at other times it would all be quite different, and he would see the figures of beautiful maidens in gossamer garments, and they would seem to be at play, flinging flecks of sunlight this way and that, or winding and unwinding their flaky veils to fling them saucily across the face of the sun.

But none of all these wondrous visions lasted. They remained long enough to wake in Larry's heart a great longing for more, and then they would disappear and he would be all the lonelier for the lack of them.

This was the greatest of his discouragements. What would he care for heat or cold or hunger or thirst if he could only capture these fleeting pictures once for all, so that he could always gaze at them and dream over them and make them his forever.

That was one of the things for which he was wishing as he lay under the trees that summer day. He was thinking:

"If there were only some way of getting them down from there. It seems to me I'd do anything in the world to be able to get them down from there. I"—

"No you wouldn't," said a low voice next his ear—"no you wouldn't. You'd lie here and wish and wonder all day long, but you wouldn't take the first step to bring your pictures down from Heaven."

For a moment Larry was so mightily surprised that he found himself quite at a loss for words, for there was no one near to be seen who could possibly have addressed him; but presently he gained voice to say:

"Oh, I know I couldn't get 'em, o' course. Folks can't reach up and bring clouds down out o' de sky."

"I didn't say anything about clouds nor about the sky," returned the voice. "I was speaking about pictures and Heaven. Folks can reach up and bring pictures down out of Heaven. It's done every day. Geniuses do it."

"Who's geniuses?" asked untaught Larry.

"People who can get near enough Heaven to catch glimpses of its wonderful beauty and paint it on canvas or carve it in marble for the world to see, or who hear snatches of its music and set them upon paper for the world to hear; and they are called artists and sculptors and composers and poets."

"What takes 'em up to Heaven?" queried Larry.

"Inspiration," answered the voice.

"I don t know o' that. I never seen it," the boy returned. "Is it Death?"

"No; it is life. But you wouldn't understand if I could explain it, which I cannot. No one understands it. But it is there just the same. You have it, but you do not know how to use it yet. You never will unless you do something besides lie beneath the trees and dream. Why can't you do something?"

"Oh, I'm tired with all the things I'm not doin'," said Larry in his petulant, whimsical way.

For a little the voice was silent, and Larry was beginning to fear it had fled and deserted him like all the rest when it spoke again in its low-toned murmur—like the breath of a breeze—and said:

"It is cruel to make a good wish and then leave it to wander about the world, weak and struggling; always trying to be fulfilled and never succeeding because it is not given strength enough. It makes a nameless want in the world, and people's hearts ache for it and long to be satisfied. They somehow feel there is somewhere a blessing that might be blesseder; a beauty that should be more beautiful. It is then that the little unfledged wish is near and they feel its longing to be made complete; to be given wings and power to rise to Heaven. Yes; one ought not to make a good wish and let it go (not to perish, for nothing is lost in this world), but to be unfufilled forever. One ought to strengthen it day by day until it changes from a wish to an endeavor, and then, day by day, from an endeavor to an achievement, and then the world is better for it and glad of it, and its record goes above.

"If all the people who wish to do wonderful things did them, how blessed it would be. If all the people who wish to be good were good, ah, then there would be no more disappointment, no tears nor heartache in the world!"

Larry pondered an instant after the voice had ceased, and then said, slowly:

"I kind o' think I know what you mean. You think I'd ought to be workin'. But what cud I do? There ain't nothin' I cud be doin'."

"Didn't I hear you complain of me a little while ago, because I did not carry heavy enough loads of honeysuckle scent and did not come often enough? I carried all I was able to bear, for I am not very strong nowadays, and I came as often as I could. In fact, I did my best the first thing that came to hand. I want you to do the same. That is duty. I don't bear malice toward you because you were dissatisfied with me. You did not know. If you tried to do the best you could and people complained, you ought not to let their discontent discourage you. I brought you a whiff of perfume; you can bring some one a sincere effort. By-and-by, when I am stronger and can blow good gales and send the great ships safely into port, and waft to land the fragrant smell of their spicy cargo, you may be doing some greater work and giving the world something it has been waiting for."

"The world don't wait for things," said Larry. "It goes right on. It doesn't care. I'm hungry and ragged, and I haven't no place to sleep; but the world ain't a-waitin' fer me ter get things ter eat ner clo'es ter me back, ner a soft bed. It ain't a-waitin' fer nothin' as I can see."

"It does not stand still," replied the voice; "but it is waiting, nevertheless. If you are expecting a dear, dear person—your mother, for instance"—

"I ain't got no mother," interrupted Larry, with a sorrowful sigh; "she died."

"Well, then—your sister," suggested the voice.

"I ain't got no sister. I ain't got nobody. I'm all by meself," insisted the boy.

"Then suppose, for years and years, you have been dreaming of a friend who is to fill your world with beauty as no one else could do; who among all others in the world will be the only one who could show you how fair life is. While you would not stand still and do nothing what time you were watching for her coming, you would be always waiting for her, and when she was there you would be glad. That is how the world feels about its geniuses—those whom it needs to make it more wonderful and great. It is waiting for you. Don't disappoint it. It would make you sad unto death if the friend of whom you had dreamed should not come at last, would it not?"

Larry nodded his head in assent.

"Does it always know 'em?" he asked. "I mean does the world always be sure when the person comes it's the one it dreamed of? Mebbe I'd be dreamin' of some one who was beautiful and mebbe the real one wouldn't look like what I thought, and I'd let her go by."

(To be Continued.)

PEANUTS.

Many boys who can readily distinguish a hickory nut-tree from a walnut-tree, and a beech from a chestnut-tree, would mistake a field of growing peanuts for a field of clover. During the American Civil War big boys in blue often ran with eagerness into clover fields in search of peanuts, and could not be convinced of their mistake until they had pulled up a considerable number of the roots and had been roundly laughed at by their more knowing comrades.

The peanut, sometimes called ground pea or ground nut, is known in the Southern States as the pindar and gouber; and the French call it "pistache de terre." It is generally believed to be a native of Africa, where it is the principal food of some of the Congo tribes; but four or five species of the nut are found growing wild in Brazil.

Its cultivation has been successfully introduced into Spain. In this country it is raised principally in the States of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, and has been more recently cultivated in California.

The culture of the peanut is not difficult. Land suited to the raising of corn or melons is generally selected, and care is taken that there be nothing in the ground that would stain the shells.

Planting time begins when the danger to plants from frost has passed. The ground is ploughed five or six inches deep, and then harrowed. The nuts are taken from the pod without breaking their skins, are planted two or three together in rows about three feet apart and twenty inches from hill to hill, and are covered with two inches of earth.

When in a short time the vine is eight or ten inches long and begins to blossom, it is covered with an inch of soil, care being taken to leave the tip end uncovered. The vines blossom profusely with small yellow flowers, and as the flower fades away a sharp-pointed stem grows out from its base, turns downward and buries itself in the ground; on the end of the stem a thick-shelled pod forms, and enlarges rapidly. All the care that is necessary after the stem returns to the ground is to keep the land free from weeds.

In October, when the nuts are ripe, the farmer loosens the earth and pulls up the vines, to which the nuts adhere, and turns them over to dry. He performs this work only in pleasant weather, and when the ground is dry. After the vines have lain in the sun for a day, which is generally a sufficient time for drying them, the grower stacks them around a stake about five feet high.

The vines remain in stack from three to five weeks, after which the nuts are picked off, placed in sacks and shipped to market. A vine under favorable conditions often bears more than a hundred nuts, and the yield per acre averages forty bushels.

Most of the Virginia and North Carolina crop, which is about two-thirds of the whole crop of the country, is marketed in Norfolk and Petersburg, Virginia; the rest, with the whole crop of Tennessee, is carried to St. Louis or Cincinnati. In each of these cities are factories where the nuts as they are delivered by the farmer are bought. The nuts as they appear at this stage, with earth and their stems still clinging to them, are hardly to be recognized as the bright nut we afterwards see on the corner stand.

To polish them, and to remove the earth and stems, the nuts are scoured in large iron cylinders, from which they pass through blast fans, in which a strong current of air separates the fully developed nuts having sound kernels from those imperfectly filled, and from empty pods. The sound nuts fall through the fan upon picking tables, where those which are discolored are taken out, and the bright ones are passed on into sacks which will each hold about one hundred pounds of nuts. Each sack is marked with the brand which indicates the grade of its contents.

The dark and the partially filled nuts are shelled, and the kernels are used by confectioners in making peanut candy. The work of picking over and separating the nuts is performed by little girls, about twenty of whom are employed at every table.

Three varieties of peanuts are grown in this country, the white, the red, and the Spanish. The white, which is the most important variety, has a nut with two kernels with pink skins; its vine spreads along the ground, in this respect unlike that of the red variety which grows more upright and in a bunch.

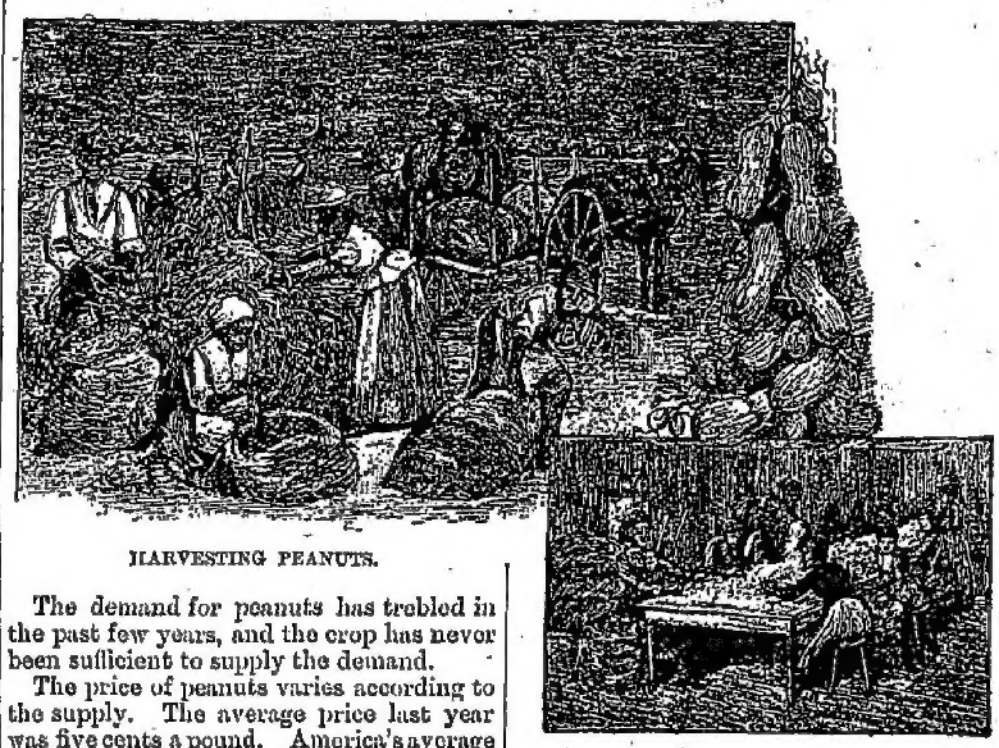
The pod of the red nut holds three and sometimes four kernels, and has a deep red skin.

The Spanish is a much smaller nut, with a lighter skin and milder flavor than either of the others possess. The entire crop is shelled, and used especially in that rich confection known as nougat.

The history of the competition between the home product and the imported peanut is interesting and gives one some idea of the importance of the peanut trade. In 1872, and for several years previous, there were annually imported into New York a half million bushels of peanuts, the greater part of which came from Africa and the rest from Spain.

The American farmers gradually awakened to a perception of the profits to be made by raising the nuts. Melon patches were turned into peanut fields, and in 1878 the seed of the Spanish nut was planted in Virginia. The product was found to equal that of the foreign nut, and as it cost two or three cents a pound less to market the crop, it was not long before the imported nut was driven from the market. At present Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee count "gouber-raising" as one of their chief industries.

In 1880 the consumption of peanuts in the United States was less than two million bushels. In 1887 the amount had increased to four and a third million bushels, all of which was eaten in the United States and Canada.



HARVESTING PEANUTS.

The demand for peanuts has trebled in the past few years, and the crop has never been sufficient to supply the demand.

The price of peanuts varies according to the supply. The average price last year was five cents a pound. America's average crop, which is estimated at three million bushels, thus represents a value of three million three hundred thousand dollars at wholesale price.

The peanut is a more useful product than people in general think it to be. We all know how eagerly it is sought after in the roasted state to help boys enjoy a base-ball match or a circus; but its use in the roasted form by no means measures the extent of its value, or the variety of the uses to which it is put.

The nuts contain from forty-two to fifty percent of a nearly colorless, bland, fixed oil, which resembles olive oil and is used for similar purposes. This oil is principally employed in the manufacture of the finer grades of soap.

In 1883 Virginia began to manufacture peanut flour, which makes a peculiarly palatable biscuit, and North Carolina has long made pastry of pounded peanuts. It is also eaten for dessert, and it is roasted as a substitute for coffee.

The peanut is very nutritive. The negroes use it in very many places in making porridge custard, and prepare from it a beverage. The vine forms a fodder as good as clover hay, and hogs fatten on what they find on the fields after the crop has been gathered.—*George B. Spear, in Youth's Companion.*

BE LIKE THE BIRD.

Be like the bird, that, halting in her flight,
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give away beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

—VICTOR HUGO.

THE WAKING SOUL.

(Concluded.)

"Ah, little Lawrence, the world has failed so too. It has let its beloved ones go by; and then, when it was too late, it has called after them in pleading to return. They never come back, but the world keeps repeating their names forever. That is its punishment and their fame."

"What does it need me for?" asked Larry.

"It needs you to paint for it the pictures you see amid the clouds and on the earth."

"Can't they see 'em?" queried the boy.

"No, not as you can. Their sight is not clear enough. God wants them to know of it and so he sends them you to make it plain to them. It is as though you went to a foreign country where the people's speech was strange to you. You could not know their meaning unless some one who understood their language and yours translated it for you. He would be the only one who could make their meaning clear to you. He would be an interpreter."

"How am I to get that thing you spoke about that'd take me up to Heaven, so's I could bring down the beautiful things I see?" inquired Larry. "Where is it?"

"Inspiration?" asked the voice. "That is everywhere—all about you. Within and without you. You have only to pray to be given sight clear enough to see it and power to use it. But now I must leave you. I have given you my message. Give the world yours. Good-by, Lawrence—*good-by*;" and the voice had ceased.

Larry stretched out his hands and cried: "Come back, oh, come back;" but the echo of his own words was all he heard in response. He lay quite motionless and still for some time after that, thinking about all the voice had said to him, and when finally he pushed his hat back from before his eyes, he saw the starlit sky smiling down upon him benignantly. And then, from behind a dark cloud he saw the radiant moon appear, and it seemed to him like the most beautiful woman's face he could imagine, peering out from the shadow of her own dusky hair to welcome the night.

He got upon his feet as well as he could, for he was very stiff with lying so long, and stumbled on toward some dark nook or cranny where he could huddle unseen until the morning; his head full of plans for the morrow, and his heart beating high with courage and hope.

He would dream no more, but labor. He would work at the first thing that came to hand, and then, perhaps, that wonderful thing that the voice had called inspiration would come to him, and he would be able to mount to Heaven on it and bring down to earth some of the glorious things he saw. He thought inspiration must be some sort of a magical ladder that was invisible to all but those given special sight to see and power to use it. If he ever caught a glimpse of it he intended to take hold at once and climb straight up to the blessed regions above; and dreaming of all he would see there he fell asleep.

In the morning he was awake bright and early, and, stretching himself with a long-drawn yawn, set out to find some way of procuring for himself a breakfast. First at one shop door and then at another he stopped, popping in his shaggy head and asking the man inside to "Give me a job, Mister?" and being in reply promptly invited to "Clear out!"

But it took more than this to discourage Larry, heartened as he was by the remembrance of his visions of the day before, and on and on he went, until, at last, in answer to his question—and just as he was about to withdraw his head from the door of the express office, into which he had popped it a moment before—he was bidden to say what it was he could do. Almost too surprised in the change in greeting to be able to reply, he stumbled back into the place and stood a moment in rather stupid silence before his questioner.

"Well, ain't yer got no tongue in yer head, young feller? Seemed ter have a minute ago. Ef yer can't speak up no better'n this yer ain't the boy fer us."

But by this time Larry had recovered himself sufficiently to blurt out:

"I kin lift an' haul an' run errants an' do all sorts of work about the place. Won't ye try me, Mister? Lemme carry out dat box ter show ye how strong I am." And suiting the action to the words, he shouldered a heavy packing-case and was out upon the sidewalk and depositing it upon a waggon, already piled with trunks and luggage, before the man had time to reply.

When he returned to the door-step he was greeted with the grateful intelligence that he might stay a bit and see how he got along as an errand boy if he liked; and, of course, liking, he started in at once upon his new office.

That was the beginning. It gave him occupation and food. He had no time for dreaming now, but often when he had a brief moment to himself would take out of his pocket the piece of a chalk with which he marked the trunks he carried and sketch with it upon some rough box-lid or other the picture of a face or form he saw in his fancy, so that, after a time he was known among the men as "the artist feller," and grew to have quite a little reputation among them.

How the rest came about even Larry himself found it hard to tell. But by and by he was drawing with pencil and pen and selling his sketches for what he could get, buying now a brush and then some paints with the scanty proceeds, and working upon his bits of canvas with all the ardor of a Raphael himself.

* * * * *

A man sat before an easel in a crowded studio one day giving the last touch to a painting that stood before him. It pictured the figure of a lad, ragged and forlorn, lying asleep beneath some sheltering trees. At first that seemed all to be seen upon the canvas; but if one looked closer one was able to discover another figure amid the vaporous, soft glooms of the place. It grew ever more distinct until one had no difficulty in distinguishing the form of a maiden, fair and frail as a dream. She was bending over the slumbering body of the boy, as if to arouse him to life by the whispered words she was breathing against his cheek.

The artist scrawled his signature in the corner of his completed work and set the canvas in its frame, and then stood before it, scrutinizing it closely.

"'The Waking Soul.' I wonder if that is a good name for it?" murmured he to himself. And then, after a moment, he said to the pictured lad:

"Well, Larry, little fellow, the dream has come true; and here we are, you and I—you, Larry, and I, Lawrence—with the 'wish grown strong to an endeavor, and the endeavor to an achievement.' Are you glad, boy?"—*Julia M. Lippman, in N. Y. Independent.*

ONLY ONE.

God has given men two eyes; if he lose one he hath another. But man hath only one soul; if he lose that the loss can never be made up again.—*Chrysostom.*

WHERE DO THE KISSES GROW?

They leap from the soul of a baby
And then all over it spread,
From the white and pink of its toe-tips,
To the halo of gold round it's head;
From the depths of its dainty dimples,
From the roseate, laughter-turned lips,
From the smooth, shapely neck and shoulders
To the tapering finger tips.

They're hidden within every heart-fold,
And cuddled down close to the core,
And, tho' they are evermore gathered,
Still I find there's a thousand-fold more!
And each one seems softer and sweeter
Than the treasure I found just before—
Till I wonder if ever the sweetest
Is taken from baby's vast store.

So daily I search for and seize them,
And hourly I pluck a new prize—
Sometimes from the whitest of foreheads,
Sometimes from the brightest of eyes;
And I whisper—O, angel-kissed baby,
Do you feel—can you ever quite know—
Of the wonderful worth of these kisses
That ever continue to grow!
Of the wearisome woes that they soften?
Of the heart-cares they curtain from sight?
That their magic soars out thro' the sunshine,
And on thro' the knells of the night?

I hold that we're higher and better
For every fresh kiss that we take,
For every fond love-token given—
When given for sacred love's sake:
For, if Purity's planted in earthdom,
Then surely it springs from the soul
Of that beautiful, angel-like being,
As its life-page begins to unroll.

So I'll gather them early and often,
From the bright, curly head to the toe,
I can't rob the wee tot of its treasures—
For still they'll continue to grow:
And there'll gleam in years after, a mem'ry
That backward forever will flow,
To that bonnie-eyed babe of the bygone
Whose kisses no longer may grow.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHE DID IT.

"I tell you what, Mrs. B," bringing his fist down, after listening a while, "you may talk temperance and prohibition till you're worn out and that's all the good it will do, while there isn't a single place in the town where a man can get warm in winter, or get a drink in summer, or water his horses in either season. What's more, when we did have a town pump, you temperance people took it up because it brought too much teaming down your main street; so a man can't water his horses from the time he leaves home until he gets to market, unless he drives round by a saloon and then he's plaguey mean if he don't spend a nickel after using their pails and things."

It was the close of an August day. Mr. Barstow had very evidently watered his horses on the way home. He was excited enough to be unreasonable, and he so evidently had the truth on his side now that Mrs. Barstow quietly put the early supper on the table and let the subject drop for the time.

There was no lack of theoretical temperance work in Maple Ridge. A town was never more flooded with pledges and temperance literature. There were the usual rival temperance lodges, a very useful library and two or three bands of earnest women who met in each others' parlors and meant well. But there was that long stretch of dusty road into the city and, for miles out into the country, I know of but one hospitable farm-yard where water stood ever ready for the stranger and his beast.

Mrs. Barstow had worried over her husband of late. A kinder man did not live. His farm, a market garden, contributed largely to the city's needs, and he could well be proud of the daily loads of fine fruit and vegetables in their season. A description of one day does for all. A hasty breakfast, eaten at four, or even three o'clock, is the preparation for the long drive. The horses are fed again at the market, where the first few hours are filled with confusion. Cabbages fly through the air as they are tossed into the grocers' waggons. Orders are shouted across the lines of vehicles. The air is filled with clamor; the street with a more quiet medley of men, women, children and animals, through which an occasional street car struggles. There is wonderfully little ill-will shown, however. The teamsters cramp a little here, drive up a bit there and accommodate each other cheerfully. But by eleven o'clock the rush is pretty well over. Grocery waggons have rattled off to make ready for the early trade. The hucksters have next filled their carts with the culled fruits, the women from the crowded tenement houses have spent their day's pittance, and the men have time to realize how tired they are and how high the sun is. Then the dry lunch they have brought lacks flavor, there is a tedious ride before them, and they long for the pail under the pump at home, where they may dip head and hands and get a good cooling off. Here and there are watering places, but they are in front of saloons.

There is a temperance eating house, but it does not merit a second thought, unless it is to wonder why temperance houses are so apt to be dirty and uninviting. They must not drive down the boulevard and out through the park to the Talcott fountain, for traffic teams are not allowed there, although they most need it. Come, Mr. Barstow, come, boys, settle down to a ten-mile drive with no prospect of an honest drink till you get to the end of it, unless you are fortunate enough to find a street sprinkler filling up and apply your lips to the overflow at the main. At the city limits there is a final cluster of saloons with their attendant sheds and watering troughs. You whip by in your light rig. Your horse does the distance in forty-five minutes and you stopped for park water not five minutes since. If you had a two or three hours' jog in an open waggon over the limey, shimmering road in the sun and dust—

That is what you see every day and could have seen for years; in fact, ever since Mr. Barstow first stopped there and spent the nickel he felt honorably bound to leave. By this time he had spent quite too many nickels, more than strict justice called for, and Mrs. Barstow began to see it long after the neighbors had said, "Pity about Barstow, isn't it?"

This digression has lasted long enough for Mrs. Barstow to do some hard thinking. The result was that she astonished the ladies by taking part in the next monthly meeting, when she very earnestly asked their aid in the new project. After the usual amount of red tape had been unwound and tied into neat little knots, it was discovered that they lacked a quorum and that any proposition requiring money would have to be presented at two meetings before it could be definitely acted upon. It was disheartening. The season would be well over by the time of the third following meeting and Mrs. Barstow could not wait. So she took it into her own energetic hands and found that one woman could do a great deal if she had to. She lived some distance from the main street, which she thought was a drawback, but within a week a shiny green pump held its handle invitingly up to the passer-by, and upon it in white letters an invitation: To every thirsty one.

It was astonishing how soon it became known to the driving public. It seemed as if weary horses and stray dogs knew by instinct when to turn. Birds and bees came in the early morning. The tramp stopped and fanned himself with his hat while he drank from the tin cup and added his initials to the choice collection that soon made its appearance in the characteristic American fashion. "Drive around by Barstow's" became a current order and if a good local trade in melons followed it did not effect the merits of the effort. Nor was it expected; for the water was free to all, while, with a perseverance only worthy of her cause, Mrs. Barstow button-holed each member of the town board in an attempt to restore that meritorious institution of our ancestors, the town pump. More than that, she succeeded in leasing the corner diagonally opposite the largest saloon at the limits. She offered the owner enough to pay the taxes on the entire lot, which he wisely accepted, and put up a small lodge with a long shed. She placed long troughs of flowing water there and in it all found occupation for a lame nephew of whom they were fond. Of course Barstow had to patronize his own, and soon the inviting lemonades, ginger ales and iced buttermilk became known for themselves. By the time the place was self-supporting the ladies of the local society had gotten where, in strict accordance with their by-laws, they could begin to pass resolutions on the subject.

Mrs. Barstow is wearing her old wrap this summer, but she looks well in it and she says that next winter she is going to have beef tea, coffee and a warm room there—"see if I don't."—*Gertrude Russell Lewis, in Interior.*

MAKE HASTE.

Some years ago, when travelling through Palestine, we were near benighted. We had left Hebron in the morning, and had come leisurely along, passing through Bethlehem, and visiting the garden of Solomon on the way. The sun began to get low ere we caught our first glimpse of Jerusalem, and on reaching the plain of Rephaim we had to increase our speed. In a little the sun set, and we saw a man come out from the Jaffa gate and stand upon a small hillock, shouting with all his might, as if forewarning of danger, and gesticulating wildly, as if to call our attention to what he was announcing.

"What is the man saying?" we asked our guide.

"He is shouting, 'Yellah! Yellah!'"

"What does that mean?"

"Come along! Come along!"

We now found we were about to be shut out, and this messenger had come out to warn us that the gate was about to be closed. We made haste, as we did not at all relish the thought of being kept all night outside the walls. We were just in time: no more. We entered and the gate closed behind us. "The door was shut" (Matt. xxv. 10).

The lesson we learned was, "Make haste!"—a lesson which some of us never forgot. So near being shut out of the earthly Jerusalem! What if we were to be not almost, but altogether, shut out of the Heavenly City!—*Dr. H. Bonar.*

A SPECTRE.

Confronting me at every turn,
A weird, uncanny little shape
Beset my way. I found escape
Was vain, and angrily would spurn
The wicked elf.

Eluding me, and bowing low
In mockery his wily head,
"Peace comes to him," he said,
"Who can forget me. Mortal, know,
I am thyself."

—*Philip E. Howard in the Sunday School Times*

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"